able decisiveness; no flabbiness in spite of so much grace; and the amazing slimness of this body which has not yet reached the age of puberty does not make one regret that the forms are neither more childish nor more fully developed.

Naples, 29 January

Under this full moon the night, although vaporous, is so clear that one can just make out Capri almost floating and, higher than you think, the horizon of the sea. The classic Vesuvius has on its slope a sort of burning scratch and I should like to see at close range what fiery abysses or what white-hot rocks create at a distance that red sizzling that looked to us, the first evening, like a whole village on fire.

This landscape provokes its own music, open like itself, of bright laughter and born without any laborious period of gestation.

I am surprised to meet as far north as Naples that odd Oriental song, begun on too high a note, which rushes oddly down to the tonic in two parallel phrases, turned out as if between two tones, spasmodically stressed and suddenly stopping as if choked off.

Naples

Capri floats mysterious on the transparent waters, I like sea grottoes, Those on Belle-Isle were certainly moist! The Morgat grottoes were mottled. But I do not like the Blue Grotto; those reflections of a frozen color, not azure but indigo, seem to have been imagined by a god without any sense of color. I was in a hurry to get out. On the other side of the island, another, less frequented grotto was exquisite; small; a narrow corridor with three entrances; the light is so refracted that only the green rays penetrate and the water is so loaded with them that it has a sort of phosphorescence, Any object that is plunged into the water is enveloped in a pale green flame; hands bathed in it are colored green like the skin of Pierre Louys's nymphs.

This soil breathes love more than any other, and the two beautiful American women in Florence to whom I introduced d'Annunzio wept as they talked of it, out of longing and desire, Certain people have come here for a week who have never been able to leave.

One of the friends of Miss Magonicle married here and has never since paid any attention to his own country. The Capri girls have many opportunities to become ladies, American men are abundant and Germans superabundant. To me Capri is unbearable, or almost, despite its admirable rocks; I prefer to see Capri from Naples, floating like a vision on the sea,

Yet it is here rather than in Florence that I should have wished to meet those two beautiful Americans, one reading Marlowe and the other the quatrains of Omar Khayydm. And I should have preferred them to